

youth " will linger in our memories, but one must be glad no children were present, for a soul and a hereafter were denied to animals, and if there is one thing dear to every child's heart it is the belief that it will meet its pets in heaven. The garden party at Mrs. Winkworth's was another delightful opportunity for friendly chatter and exchange of ideas, though the number of students present was small.

In considering the Conference as a whole the marked advance in the character of the audience was most striking. Many more people were present than before, and they seemed altogether keener. Every point made by every speaker was noted, not by critical and curious strangers and amateurs, but by persons to whom such matters really seemed of vital importance. It proved, were proof necessary, that it is possible for people of different creeds, stations, opinions, ages, and sexes, to meet and discuss with mutual helpfulness, and without wrangling argument, a subject on which all thought deeply and few thought alike. And that because our differences sink into merely individual choice of means before the recognition of the great unifying idea, set before us by our "Captain, figure Education is an atmosphere, *and* a discipline, *and* a life."

R. A. P.

CONFERENCE, 1901.

The sun was shining on the street,
Shining with all his might;
He did his very best to make
The students gay and bright.
Though some of them had passed, I fear,
A very troubled night.

"Oh students come and lecture us,"
The Conference did beseech,
"A pleasant paper—clearly read—
To teach us how to teach.
We cannot fix on more than six
To lend an ear to each."

Two anxious students trembled forth
This mild request to greet:
Their faces washed, their dresses brushed,
Their shoes were clean and neat
(The latter was, of course, because
A platform shows one's feet!)

Two other students hastened up,
And yet another two.
And so the number swelled to six,
That's two and two and two,
All tripping on the platform steps
And looking very blue.

The Chairman and the Principal
Discours'd an hour or so
(The latter did by proxy,
We wished it were not so).
And all the little students sat
And waited in a row.

"The time is come," the Chairman said,
 "To talk of many things—
 Of C, A, T, and D, O, G,
 And whether snails have wings,
 Of pronouns, verbs, and picture-talks,
 And history's ancient kings."

This done—"Discussion now," she said,
 "Is what we chiefly need"
 (And begged her friends that it should be
 Conducted with all speed).
 "We hope to glean some useful hints
 Or names of books to read."

"But not from us," the students cried,
 Turning a little blue,
 "After our boldness that would be
 A dismal thing to do!
 For we had hoped, our papers read,
 To hide ourselves from view."

"Pray tell us of a useful book
 For little girl of four,
 Which gives one lists of dates and kings,
 Of commerce, trade, and law."
 With dignity reply was made—
 "Such text-books we abhor!"

"The Parents' Union never stoops
 To cram or ramify
 The youthful brain with barren facts,
 Simply to satisfy
 Examiners: but it imparts
 Ideas—to vivify!"

"Oh students," then the Chairman said,
 "You've told us much that's true!
 It's obvious you are members of
 The great P.N.E.U.,
 And now we know its value
 When it turns out such as you!"

L. M. G.

THE HOUSE OF EDUCATION CERTIFICATE.

THOSE of the students who have not already seen it may be interested in the following. It is the reply of H. Wilson, Esq., the artist who designed the beautiful certificate (Mrs. Dallas Yorke's gift to the House of Education), to the numerous students who have asked for an explanation of the design:—

"The subject is, of course, that of Education. The stream figures the stream of knowledge, the river of mental life flowing from beneath the foundations of the temple of the spirit in the middle distance. The temple is circular, symbolizing completeness and enduringness; above its altar is a lamp typifying the sun, the source of physical life; the dome symbolizes the heavens, and round the frieze are signs of the Zodiac. Behind the temple rugged mountains thrust their peaks into the sky, the top of the tallest passes beyond the picture to suggest that the highest peak is the unattainable—the ideal, and moreover, that the ends of knowledge are hidden—that while we may grasp a few threads, the end of the skein is beyond our reach. In the foreground Psyche clothed with knowledge and winged is seated. She is just embracing one of a group of children, to suggest that love is the inspiring and all-important agency in Education, only at its touch does the birth of the soul begin. This inspiring, inspiriting, inbreathing of the conscious soul is shadowed forth by the butterflies hovering round the children's heads. The figures themselves are seated on a little eminence; beneath it is a little beach on which the children are playing, some with shells, others with insects, with plants and flowers, or with animals, to suggest that in play each child follows its own natural bent, and gives not only a clue to its character, but valuable indices of the right ways of treating and educating the best side of that character. The border shows the tree of knowledge, with children playing in the branches; above, in